

Upper Wharfedale -

I. Bolton Abbey

Perhaps no part of England affords more delightful walking tours than the Deanery of Craven in the West-Riding. It is a mountain-country, with lovely valleys & sparkling streams; & its peculiar geological formation causes effects of light & colour as pleasing to the eye as they are interesting to the mind. Ruins of Abbey & castle, most picturesquely placed, & which belong many a romantic tale & historic memory, are freely scattered in the dales - that is, the habitated parts of this moorland district; while not even Sussex, or any one of the eastern counties, is so rich in churches of the most venerable antiquity.

Craven includes the upper courses of three rivers which rise within a few miles of one another in the western moorlands; the Wharfe & the Ribbles, whose sources lie so close together that to all appearance a little spade labour might make one stream of them, & the more placid Aire which begins its career with éclat, as a considerable stream issuing from the base of a high face of limestone rock. Of the three sister valleys, that of the Wharfe is at once the most beautiful & the most interesting; it is also the most secluded, for railway communication in the valley ends at Staley, & Upper Wharfedale - always excepting Kettlewell & ~~which is a great holiday resort~~ -

with its incomparable air & enchanting prospects, is
practically, terra incognita, where you may
walk the highways for half a day without meeting
a second wayfarer. Yet it is easy enough to
travel here; the roads are good, the population is
scattered in pleasant villages at easy distances.
Several of these have good inns for the accommodation
of anglers - the Wharfe abounds in trout, & a 'Mail
Annibus' runs daily between Skipton &
Buckden, the last considerable village in
the valley.

The general credit of Wharfedale suffers from
the very circumstance that it contains in
of the loveliest ~~spots~~ ^{spots} in England. ^{Bottom Woods}
on the other hand, the guide to Bolton Woods
takes a certain discolourment of his admiration;
says it is all very beautiful, quite perfect
indeed, but for his part, he prefers the loveliness
of nature left to herself. ^{But} ~~But the fact is, the~~
scenery of the whole of Wharfedale is park-like;
everywhere is a broad bottom of lawn-like
pastures finely sprinkled with trees. ~~For~~
~~fast a specimen for the most part.~~ ^{Among}
which the Wharfe winds between thickly wooded
banks, while the fells which enclose the
valley draw up to the river's brink, now
on this side, now on that. Broken forest
patches stretch all along these fells, creeping
now & then far into the valley, & between
the woods are green stretches of 'high pastures',
while above the ~~green~~ ^{green} lower fells from over
the dark rings of the moors.

to present at the great "Lease of Brighthelm Castle" which
Wordsworth has a "long" upon.

The first Lord Henry did not neglect the duties of his
station. His descendant, the Lady Anne Clifford,
herself, a most wise, valiant, amiable lady, describes
him as "a plain man, who lived for the most
part a country life, & came seldom either to court
or to London, excepting when called to Parliament,
on which occasions he behaved himself like a
wise & good English nobleman." Twice, at
any rate, he held the King's commission; & on
other occasions, when he was nearly sixty,
he led the men of Devon in the campaign which
ended in Flodden Field (1573):—

"From Penzance to Pendle Kill
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts could tell,
They with the lusty Clifford came."—

The names of all shew out to Flodden with
Lord Clifford as yet to be seen in the Datary Hall
of Bolton Abbey.

The Shepherd. but 'was shy
of men, & with half a dozen castles to choose from,
he loved best the solitude of Baskers, where he
cultivated a gentle friendship with the monks
of Bolton, who shared his delight in certain occult
stories. He spent much time in the restoration
of his various castles, which had been laid waste
during the long wars of the Roses.

Again, in the civil wars of Charles I., the castles of the
Cliffords were laid waste; & this time, (about 1650), they
were restored by a woman, Anne, Countess of
Pembroke, of whom we have already spoken. Amongst
the castles restored by her, is the ancient fortress
of the Cliffords, in the pleasant market town of Skipton.

Following the course of the river, an easy walk
brings us to Ellkley, a delightful "health resort" situated on

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on the edge of Rumbold's Moor - a broad flat moor
dividing the ^{sharp} ~~wide~~ valley from that of the Ais. It
is said to be named from the Giant-Rumbold, who
left his foot mark on the Cow & Calf Rocks, above
Ben Rhydding, in stepping across from the cliffs
on the opposite side of the valley. Another theory is
that Rumbold's Moor preserves the name of William
de Romille, the first Norman Baron of Shipton.
The present importance of Elkley rests upon its
hydrographic establishments, Ben Rhydding,
Elkley Hall, &c., but the high-hills town
is interesting to the antiquary for other reasons:
Roman remains are ~~and~~ continually turning
up, the outlines of a Roman fortress are yet to
be traced, 3 rudely carved 'Saxon Crosses' are
preserved in the churchyard, & before even
Saxons or Romans came, Elkley appears to
have taken rank as a British city, as it has
been satisfactorily identified with the "Alconia"
which Ptolemy sets down amongst the cities
of the Brigantes.

Between Elkley & Otley there is a fine reach
of the Wharfe valley, verdant, well wooded, with
the broad full river flowing through it, backed by
high crags, & containing two or three interesting
places - Larnley Hall, with reminiscences of the
& a very valuable collection of his pictures
Denton Park, where was the ancient hall of the
Fairfaxes, & Weston Hall. Otley, a pleasant
market town, has some Fairfax monuments in
its interesting church. Otley Chievin, a fine
hill, near 1000 feet high, falling steeply to the town,
commands a glorious view, not only of the
Wharfedale, but of the ^{upper} vale of York.

Lower

in fell after fell, the strata dip at the self-same
angle, an evidence of the existence of that
"Craven fault", which affects the whole district.
From the bottom of the fells the aspect of the scene
is very wild; enormous crags are scattered about
the grey sea rises steep & awful before you, leaning
forward with butting brow as if in the act to fall & crush out
every puny life.

without a doubt ^{the fact} that the provincial towns of France
the dwellers in a French town enjoy certain advantages over the English towns
those of England are essentially different
Let us glance for a moment at the great
medieval towns. In their day, the manufacturing
& commercial centres of Europe. The famous cities of the Hansa, like the illustrious
republics of northern Italy, were all true towns; no feudal lordship overshadowed them; no
remote state authority directed their public
works: therefore each city developed according
to the mind of its own people; customs, laws,
edifices, all expressed what may be
called the municipal character. The
sense of the community as to what was
fitting for such & such purposes & occasions.
Hence, every stone of the antique civic buildings,
every shred of tradition as to the old customs,
is full of interest as showing us what manner
of men these medieval citizens were.

Do the great cities of our day offer any
parallel to those of the Middle Ages in this
point of autonomy, the self-government &
self-development which gives to a great
town a philosophic interest, as being, in its
institutions & edifices, as in its customs,
the outcome of the common mind?

The cities of continental Europe which belong
to the past or, for the most part, richly individual
while those whose aspect & character are due to
the influences of the present display the
already uniformity, often splendid enough
such befitting state organization; magnificent

10' Meerssen, & bird would answer ^{close}
come to ~~within~~ from the mouth of the ha'.

Aye, they answer each other like Christians
as you may have heard a cock answer his
hen. "Y' sportsman has nought much to
do but follow his dog, t' dog smells t' bird
& stand still; then t' master comes up &
fies him a push & he goes a bit forward
& stand, at last t' bird rises. Saturda'
was a hot-da', & t' birds was kind o' mazed,
they kep' close to t' ground & rose slow, on
after another, so that t' men had time to
get a shot at i' every bird. But later on
we drive 'em. A t' lads in t' village group
t' moors wi' one tin pots & they shout & holler
& make a t' noise they know how; & t' choosers
stand in a line, & ^{drive t' birds up to them}
^{wi' out much work} & they fill their bags ~~except~~.

Leaving the grey church behind us, you
turn up a grassy green lane leading
to one of the "faping holes" in the hill-side
which form a feature of this ^{limestone} country.
You find yourself at the foot of Pen-y-fhent;
not 500 yards from it you would suppose
but there is much unseen walking
between you & the mountain which is
fully six miles off. A flying band of
light-ragged clouds chase each other round the
top, which rises before you sharp & edge-like
reaching the valley level by two or three huge
nooses. The sides are steep, & grassy, ^{some} ^{that}